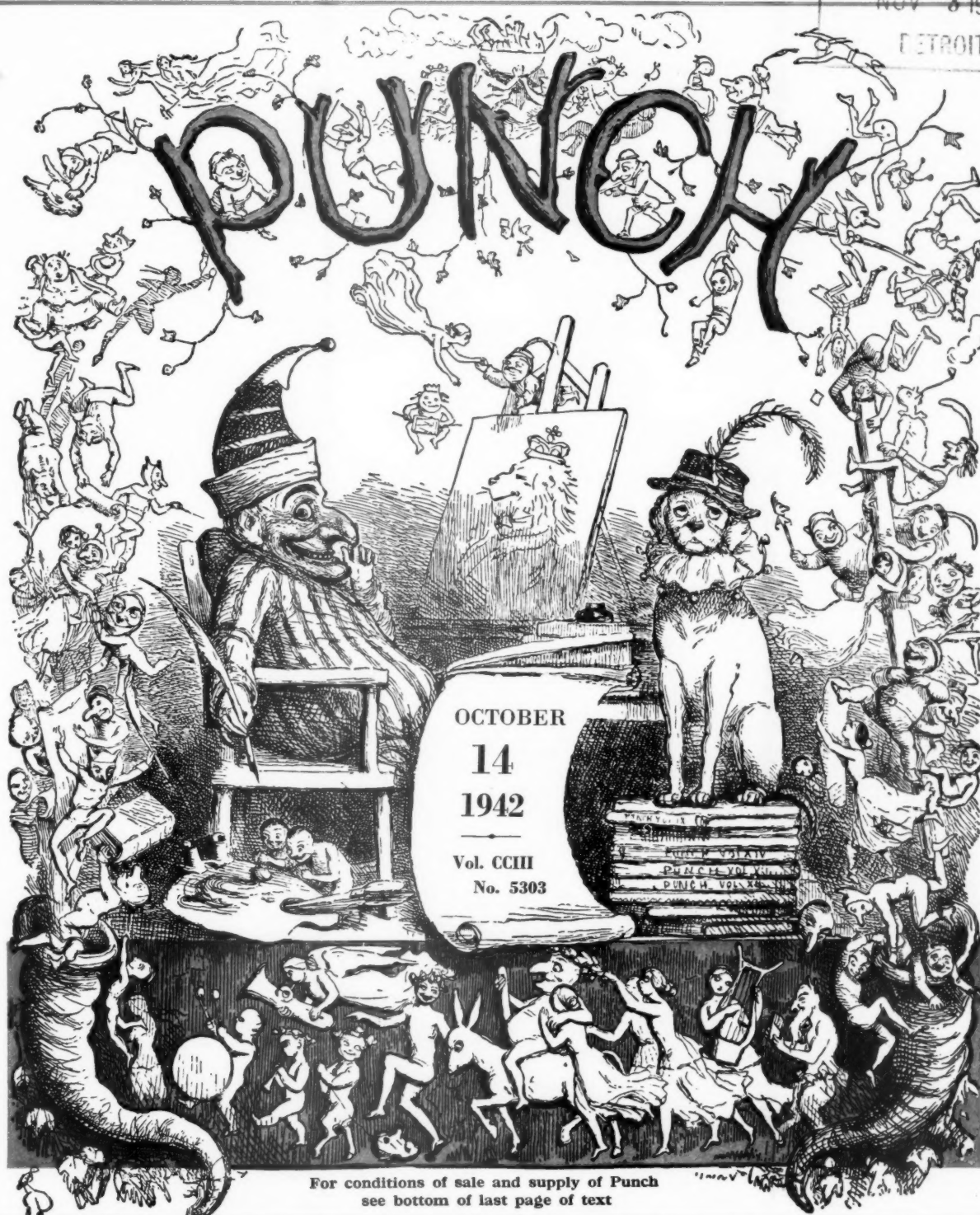


★ Remember **CADBURY** means quality

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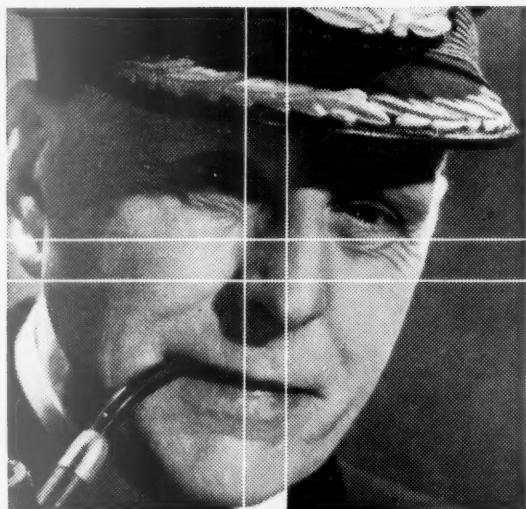


For conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE L^{TD.}
CORPORATION
83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper. Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1933. Subscription, inclusive of Extra Numbers: Inland Postage 30/- per annum (15/- six months); Overseas 36/6 per annum (Canada 34/- per annum). Postage of this issue: Great Britain and Ireland, 1d.; Canada 1d.; Elsewhere Overseas, 1d.



Keep your powder dry, but not your 'Baccy'!

As every Four Square smoker knows, keeping his tobacco in good condition is half the battle for a perfect smoke... and for a long-lasting one, which is important these days. Should you find your tobacco getting too dry, you can easily bring it back to the right condition in a few hours by putting a small piece of clean, damp blotting paper in pouch or tin.

One of the 'Seven Tobacco-Saving hints for pipe-smokers', obtainable from
GEORGE DOBIE & SON LTD.
PAISLEY, SCOTLAND

FOUR SQUARE

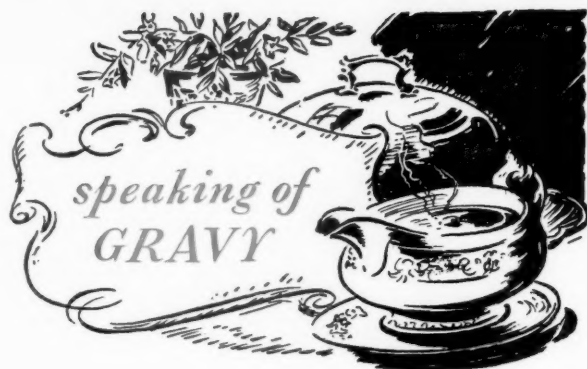
When the time comes to relax.

When we go back to gracious living, the TERRY ANGLEPOISE will resume its proper place in our homes... by cosy fire and bedside, in library corner, on bureau, desk and studio board... taking up any one of 1001 angles at a finger-touch, "staying put" in any position till needed, casting its gently diffused beam on the object, not in the user's eyes.

But we regret that, for the present, the general public can only look forward to this comfort, for the ANGLEPOISE is almost unobtainable nowadays. If you have one, treasure it... treat it well and it will serve you well.

Sole Makers: HERBERT TERRY & SONS, LTD., REDDITCH

The
TERRY
ANGLEPOISE LAMP



A Famous Gastronomer, writing in "Wine & Food," Summer Number 1942, has said:—

"To-day, when our roasts are nearly all bakes, the cook usually serves them with thickened gravy. She pours away from the baking tin all the fat except a dessertspoonful. To this she adds a dessertspoonful of flour or cornflour and mixes it over the fire until it is brown and smooth. Next, she pours in a half-pint of stock or water and stirs it till it boils. After a few minutes of simmering and a final skimming and seasoning the thick gravy is ready."

"In wartime," continues the writer, "we can imitate it by melting some meat dripping in a baking-tin and proceeding as above with flour and with stock made from two penny cubes of OXO."



COMES OF GOOD STOCK

Harmony.



As in a symphony so also in the perfecting of a true Vermouth there must be the hand of the artist. Good Vermouth, whether it came from France, Italy or any other country, has always been produced from the blending of white wine with aromatic herbs and spices. That the creation of a great Vermouth calls for something more has long been recognised. To achieve real character and distinction there must be, as there is with Votrix, the inspiration of genius.

VERMOUTH VOTRIX

is produced at the Vine Products winery in Surrey, but owing to the unavoidable war-time restriction of supplies you may often find it difficult to obtain. Votrix "Dry," bottle size 6/9. Votrix "Sweet," bottle size 6/3.



take a bath by all means...



It's fine to feel fresh; it's good to wash away the traces of toil and sweat; marvellous to be protected against germs. Yes, a bath is as good as a sea breeze any day . . .

but do take it with

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap

1 tablet — 1 coupon.

7½d. per tablet (purchase tax included)



Most of us take 'the chemist' for granted. We go to him for advice and always receive kindly, skilled, attention; we take the doctor's prescription to him, knowing that it will be accurately dispensed. This faith in the chemist is fully justified, for he is a highly-trained expert and a Member of the Pharmaceutical Society. He is a most important part of the country's health organisation. As an expert he knows the value of the preparations which he sells over the counter.

For more than forty years
chemists have recommended

Euthymol
TOOTH PASTE

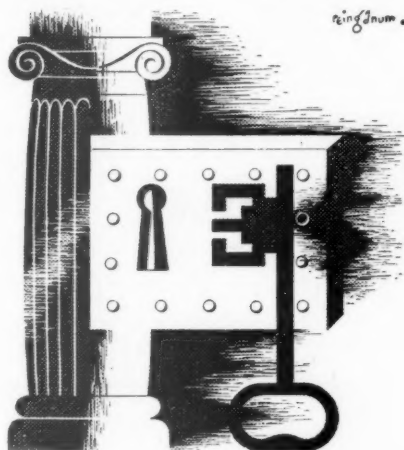
Genasprin

KILLS PAIN QUICKLY—
TIME IT!

DIVERSION

We are sorry to disappoint you, but the vital needs of the country *must* come first, and the materials which go to the making of 'Genasprin' and 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food are now needed for other and more urgent purposes. Please remember this when you have difficulty in obtaining 'Genasprin' and 'Sanatogen'.

'SANATOGEN'
NERVE-TONIC FOOD



INTEGRITY

"To make electricity the still more ubiquitous and efficient servant of man; to devise and create new products and processes to that end . . . and by building with the determination to make performance live up to promise, Philips have striven always to keep faith with the public they serve."

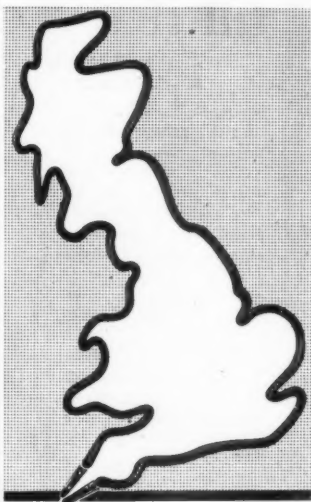
PHILIPS



LAMPS • DISCHARGE LIGHTING • RADIO RECEIVERS • TRANS-
MITTERS • VALVES & THERMIONIC DEVICES • MEDICAL & INDUSTRIAL
X-RAY & ELECTRO-MEDICAL EQUIPMENT • ARC WELDING EQUIPMENT
& ELECTRODES • LIGHT ALLOY RESISTANCE WELDING PLANT •
MAGNETIC OIL FILTERS • MAGNETS • SOUND AMPLIFYING INSTALLATIONS

PHILIPS LAMPS LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2 (95B)

For neat appearance and the worthwhile qualities of strength and durability PATON'S BRITISH LACES are the best in the land.



A NATIONAL SAVING
PATON'S SHOE & BOOT LACES
FOR LASTING WEAR

FROM YOUR RETAILER—3d. to 8d. PER PAIR
WM. PATON LTD. JOHNSTONE SCOTLAND

Wills in War Time

Is the friend you appointed to be your executor now qualified or still willing to act? Have you reflected on the uncertainty of life in existing conditions? Your affairs might ultimately be dealt with by people whom you would not yourself have chosen.

Your executor should be available at whatever date his services may be required. He should possess the combined qualities of business experience and sound judgment which are provided by the Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Company.

Even though you may not be a customer, the manager of the Midland Bank's local branch will answer in confidence all questions you may put to him. He will outline the many advantages to be derived by appointing the Company, whose moderate fees are payable only when your estate is administered. Full particulars are obtainable on application.

MIDLAND BANK EXECUTOR & TRUSTEE COMPANY LIMITED

Head Office: Poultry, London, E.C.2

BALKAN SOBRANIE
CIGARETTES & TOBACCOS

The fill that fulfils

Your Balkan Sobranie—rich in promise of quiet hours of rest and recuperation. Its surname guarantees that performance will not fall below promise—that here is a pipe tobacco still of the authentic pre-war vintage, and though supplies may sometimes be short, satisfaction is as full and as long as ever. Balkan Sobranie is your calm cool answer to every anxiety—a long slow smoke and a peaceful aroma to ease the strain of war.



SOBRANIE LTD. LONDON, E.C.1

LOOK AFTER THOSE SUEDE SHOES

Coupons and higher prices make it a sad day when you have to superannuate your suede shoes, so it's good to know that Meltonian Suede Cleaner makes them stay young longer—and smarter.

Meltonian Suede Cleaner is the enemy of those shiny spots, and always keeps the suede soft and supple.

Use it regularly and you can be proud of your old shoes for a long time yet.

Meltonian Suede Cleaner

Use Meltonian White Cream for polished leather of any colour.



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

RADIO RECEIVERS AND
RADIO - GRAMOPHONES

INSTRUMENTS of FINE QUALITIES



Best British Brushes for every need

The
KENT-
COSBY

Allure
PERFUME HAIRBRUSH

Brushes beauty and fragrance into your hair!

G. B. KENT & SONS, LTD., 225 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1



- PERFUME PAD
- BRISTLES TAKE OUT TO WASH
- HANDLEBACK NEVER SPOILT BY WATER
- ABSOLUTE CLEANLINESS AT BRISTLE ROOTS



SEAGERS regret

the unavoidable shortage of supplies of their Products is causing disappointment—certainly the Products themselves have never been known to disappoint! Till easier days return, our best advice is the old motto: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again."

SEAGERS

GIN - 22/6. EGG FLIP - 13/6.

COCKTAILS:

Super - 12/6. Full-strength 11/6

SEGAVIN - 10/6.

Supplied to the public through the Retail Trade ONLY.

SEAGER, EVANS & CO. LTD.

Distillers of Fine Gin for over 135 years



Sulis is a British Natural Mineral Water comparable both in mineral content and palate appeal to the German and French waters which are now practically unobtainable. This water is taken direct from the Springs at Bath, Britain's premier Spa, and sold in still or aerated form.

SULIS
The BRITISH
Mineral Water

from Wine Merchants, Grocers, Chemists,
or direct from The Springs, Stall Street,
Bath.

BY FAR
THE BEST
RONUK
SANITARY
POLISHES

*Working
longer
hours?*

Meet the added demand upon energy with nourishing HOVIS. It is rich in protein and fat and provides vitamins for building bodily tissues. When strength is taxed through longer hours...

Make it up with

HōVIS

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT

Macclesfield

CIVILIAN WAR RISKS

are normally covered

**WITHOUT
EXTRA
CHARGE**

under new

**WITH-PROFIT
POLICIES**

effected with the

**SCOTTISH WIDOWS'
FUND**



Head Office :
9 St. Andrew Square
Edinburgh, 2

You are not there to help . . .



. . . but The Salvation Army is !

HOME life and the office seem worlds away. Ahead lie the training centre—radiolocation, the gun, the field kitchen . . . a new routine of service life. New associations have to be absorbed, homesickness conquered, private difficulties overcome. To whom can they turn? In whom can they confide?

The Red Shield Club is a homely place run by homely people. There they will find kindly, motherly folk, keen to help and advise.



Flowers, water-colours and other feminine touches abound. Friendliness prevails.

Thousands of girls in office, camp and barracks all over the country have learned the value of Red Shield Clubs. Hundreds more will as the Women's Services expand. You can help us to help them.

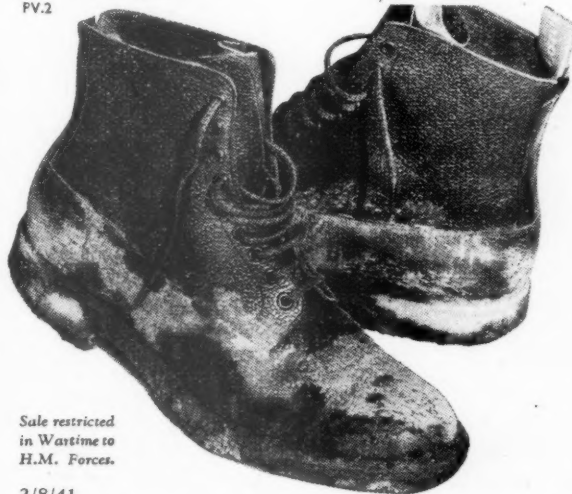
Please send your gifts to

General Carpenter
101, Queen Victoria Street
London, E.C.4

The Army that serves on every Front

(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940.)

PV.2



Sale restricted
in Wartime to
H.M. Forces.

2/8/41.

I bought them during the last war, in 1917. They have served me loyally in various parts of the world whilst engaged in somewhat arduous duties in shipyards and dry-docks, on locomotive footplates, and on civil engineering contracts.

LOTUS

Veldtschoen

GUARANTEED WATERPROOF

SWAN PENS

For more than half a century the Swan has held undisputed sway over all fountain pens; it has a quality that must be kept true to tradition.

Owing to war-time conditions supplies are difficult. We are, however, doing our best and as our stocks become available they are distributed to our Dealers.

Please, therefore, continue to ask for Swan Pens and Swan Ink as your Dealer may receive his supply at any time.

SWAN INK

MABIE, TODD & CO., LTD.
Head Office :
26 Donnington Square,
NEWBURY . . . BERKS



"No depression in this house," thanks to the nightly cup of Allenburys Diet. Delicious to take, this nourishing "Good-night" drink promotes sound sleep and all-day energy.

Allenburys Diet makes a delicious nightcap—or daytime pick-me-up. It costs 2/4 and 4/6 a tin, at Chemists.
Made by ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD.
D 30 C



The Priceless Biscuit

It is an odd reflection that, if the 'points' be lacking, not all the wealth of Ophir will suffice to purchase a single Romary Biscuit. And in a topsy-turvy world, where the cost of excellence in the new currency of 'points' is no more than that of mediocrity, the best becomes more than ever desirable.

We, no less than you, regret that in some parts of the country wartime necessity makes it impossible for you to buy Romary Biscuits. To those more fortunately placed, we would say: Romary Biscuits are still the supreme example of the art of biscuit craftsmanship and today the need for 'points' lays an additional emphasis upon quality.

ROMARY'S
'Tunbridge Wells' Biscuits

(Registered Trade Mark)

brave new world..

We are fighting for a brave new world; it is equally true that we are fighting to preserve many good ways of life that we had brought to perfection in the days of peace.

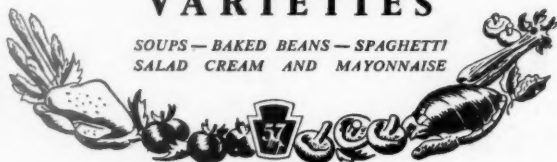
Nigh on three generations have been delighted and sustained by the flavour, the nourishment, and the sheer quality of Heinz Pure Foods.

Stocks of Heinz are not so plentiful these days for obvious reasons. Foods of the "quality first" kind are not in bountiful supply and Authority has first claim upon Heinz products to feed the fighting Services and build the National Reserve.

So — let us be patient. In due time the wide delicious choice shall be ours again at will.

HEINZ
57
VARIETIES

SOUPS — BAKED BEANS — SPAGHETTI
SALAD CREAM AND MAYONNAISE



H. J. HEINZ CO. LTD., LONDON

Is this advertisement really necessary?

It may seem unnecessary to advertise a product which is so scarce in war time that you will seldom find it in the shops. But if this advertisement merely saves you from the disappointment which follows misunderstanding, it will have been well worth while.

"MORLANDS GLASTONBURYS" ARE RARE for obvious reasons (how flying men appreciate the warmth of woolly sheepskin!); only a limited quantity of these sheepskin slippers and sheepskin-lined boots can now be made.

Please do not write to the makers. Your turn should come — if you have ordered. Distribution to retailers is being done fairly. Meantime, take all possible care of the Glastonburys you may have. Remember, they are for cold weather — not for rainy days. Don't "soak" them; don't "bake" them.



MORLANDS GLASTONBURYS



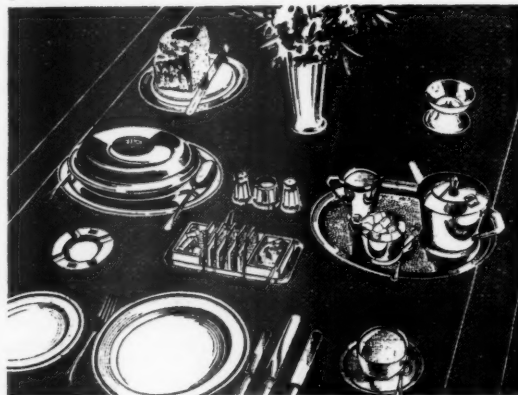
A sheepskin slipper with soft leather sole and a cosy turnover top.



A wartime ladies' ankle boot — sheepskin lined. Warm, serviceable and neat.

**FIRTH
VICKERS
"STAYBRITE"**
SUPER STAINLESS STEEL

*Ideal table
equipment in
these servantless
days*



We are steelmakers and produce the steels from which these and other goods are fabricated. We ourselves do not manufacture the finished articles. Owing to the large demand, we are at present greatly restricted as regards the purposes for which these steels can be supplied.

FIRTH - VICKERS STAINLESS STEELS LTD.



PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCIII No. 5303

October 14 1942

Charivaria

In Berlin it has been officially denied that HIMMLER was dead. Still, it was generally recognized throughout the Reich that the news was good while it lasted.

"A stiff collar with points that dig into the neck always makes me swear," says a correspondent. This may give an indication of what GLADSTONE *did* say in '72.

A Rutlandshire man who lives alone states that he has smoked the same pipe for thirty-two years. That is probably why he lives alone.

"My husband recently won £3,400 in a football pool, and he wants to go into a business that will give him a run for his money," states a correspondent. He should take up poultry-keeping.



GOERING has bought a villa in Stockholm. We understand it has a large bay window to match.

"Try a cold breakfast," urges a writer. Method—come down late for it.

A Chinese astrologer predicts that HITLER will disappear very shortly. So the FUEHRER may have been right in saying that American aid would be too late!

The stage director of a current play in which there are three shootings is worried about the shortage of blank cartridges. Authors of future thrillers should remember to write in a more jugular vein.



A cricket umpire is refereeing football matches this winter. A centre-forward was exasperated when after each fruitless shot at goal the official signalled a wide.

Australian axemen competing in the Axemen's Carnival at Dumfries won the Ministry of Supply Cup from last year's winners. Stout fellers.

An enthusiastic card-player confesses that the lady who afterwards became his wife was presented to him during a whist drive at which she won the booby prize. Well, he said it.

Which reminds us that while the age of a tree can be told by the number of rings on the trunk, the age of a piano can be told by the number of rings on the lid denoting its years of cocktail parties.

"My tailor claims that he buys only the finest of cloth," says a correspondent. A good yarn.

"It was a happy thought to sandwich afternoon tea in the middle of the programme..."—*Local Paper*.
Tastes differ.

A Japanese general says that the war may last a hundred years. Well, at least that would ensure a new Parliament here.



Beat this, Mr. Morrison!

"BEWARE! To touch these wires is instant death. Anyone found doing so will be prosecuted."

Notice on the electric switchboard of a Lincolnshire music-hall.

"When a man cannot look you straight in the face," says a clergyman, "he is dishonest." Or cross-eyed.

Femina Dux Facti

THE dispute about women fire-watchers in Liverpool reminds me that there is scarcely any trade or profession which (in my own opinion) women cannot follow as capably as men—so long as men permit them to do it.

Some time ago women were thought to be incapable of voting, but they proved by violence that this theory was untrue. There must always have been Amazons, and Deborah was not less renowned for prophecy than Dido for statesmanship, Delilah for hair-dressing, Jezebel for diplomacy and Sappho for song.

The Trade Unions doubtless exclude women from various employments in peace-time, but that may be the nation's loss. Women do not seem to have painted pictures so well as men, nor have been so effective as philosophers and conjurers as they have been as swimmers and saints. It may argue a lack of the highest imaginative faculties that there are not many female composers of music, promoters of companies, or house-agents. I have never met a female butcher, but even as I write comes the news that a female sword-swallower has been fined at Kansas City for hitting a fat lady over the head with a bottle. The fat lady was called Baby Betty. We honour not least among our monarchs Queen Elizabeth and Queen Victoria, and considering the short while that the career has been open to them women have done quite creditably on the stage. Women have frequently been Lord Mayors, their husbands acting, I understand, as Lady Mayoresses. I have a friend who believes that above the age of about fifty-five all Generals should be women, women after this age having usually better brains for practical affairs, a keener eye for detail and more cunning than men. It is a moot point, but I do believe, Portia notwithstanding, that women are not such good orators, even after dinner, as men. But this may be because for so many years they used to be sent out of the room after dessert. It is said that men knit, sew and cook better than women, but most women do these things better than I do—at present. Their novels are usually about five hundred words shorter than those of men, but that seems to me to be all to the good. The accusation that women do not understand wine does not, I am told, apply to the women of Belgium, and anyhow there is no wine left to be understood.

Whatever may be the failings of women in any walk of life, it is not physical strength they lack, or at least not the power to apply it wisely and well. If you doubt this you should look at the bound volume of the *Strand* for the year 1893. There you shall find, modestly told in her own words, the life-story of Miss Phyllis Bentley, who may be most simply described as the lifter of Emperors and Kings.

"Miss Phyllis Bentley" (runs the preamble), "is well known to the public by her clever exhibition of experiments in lifting and balancing. These experiments she had the honour of performing before many Crowned Heads of Europe, and in the following interesting article relates her experience of these Royal personages."

Indeed she does. "To say I was not a little anxious when I placed myself before the Czar, for him to essay the task of lifting me, would not be true; I was just a bit nervous, for there flashed across my memory the long record of the wonderful things he had accomplished, and of his alleged lack of gentleness where his purpose was thwarted."

The Czar, however, could not lift Miss Phyllis Bentley; she could and did, taking him by the elbows, lift him. Instructed by Miss Bentley the Czar subsequently lifted the (then) Princess of Wales. This happened exactly fifty years ago at the Danish Court during the celebration of the King and Queen of Denmark's Golden Wedding. Miss Bentley was quite frail and slight in appearance. Many people thought she had the gift of magnetism, but this was not so. It was all a matter of balance, she explains, and of dynamics correctly applied. There is a rather sweet photograph of her, and it is a pity, in some ways, that the other events recorded are illustrated not by photographs (which Court etiquette probably forbade) but are reconstructed by one of the artists of the *Strand Magazine*. A pity in some ways, but not in all. There is a delightful quality about the work of the old *Strand* artists which has gone from us never to be recovered. This one (Mr. John Gulick) portrays Prince George of Greece attempting to wrest a billiard-cue from the hands of Miss Phyllis Bentley. Prince George failed. The billiard-cue was broken. Miss Bentley retained one half. "The other half the young Grand Duke Michael of Russia kept, I believe, as a memento of 'Cousin George's' strength." And also, I suppose, of Miss Bentley's strength; for the Kings of Denmark and Roumania likewise failed to wrest a billiard-cue from Miss Bentley's delicate hands.

But the chair test, not the billiard-cue test, was Miss Bentley's *chef d'œuvre*, the chair test of which she says "It is an ordinary-looking chair, strong-built and painted black, and has been made famous from the fact that upon it I have lifted an Emperor, several Kings, Princes and other famous folk." An American millionaire tried to buy it. Miss Bentley refused his offer. She did well. "In the chair test," she writes, "everything depends upon how the chair is packed. I do not care how heavy the four or five men who sit upon it at one time really are, as long as they are properly balanced. If the balance is all right I take the chair on the swing and lift it (not merely tilt it) all four feet from off the ground. I do not grasp the sides of the chair with my hands, as I actually use no physical effort in the act of getting the chair with its living weight up; I merely, as I say, catch it on the swing and up it goes."

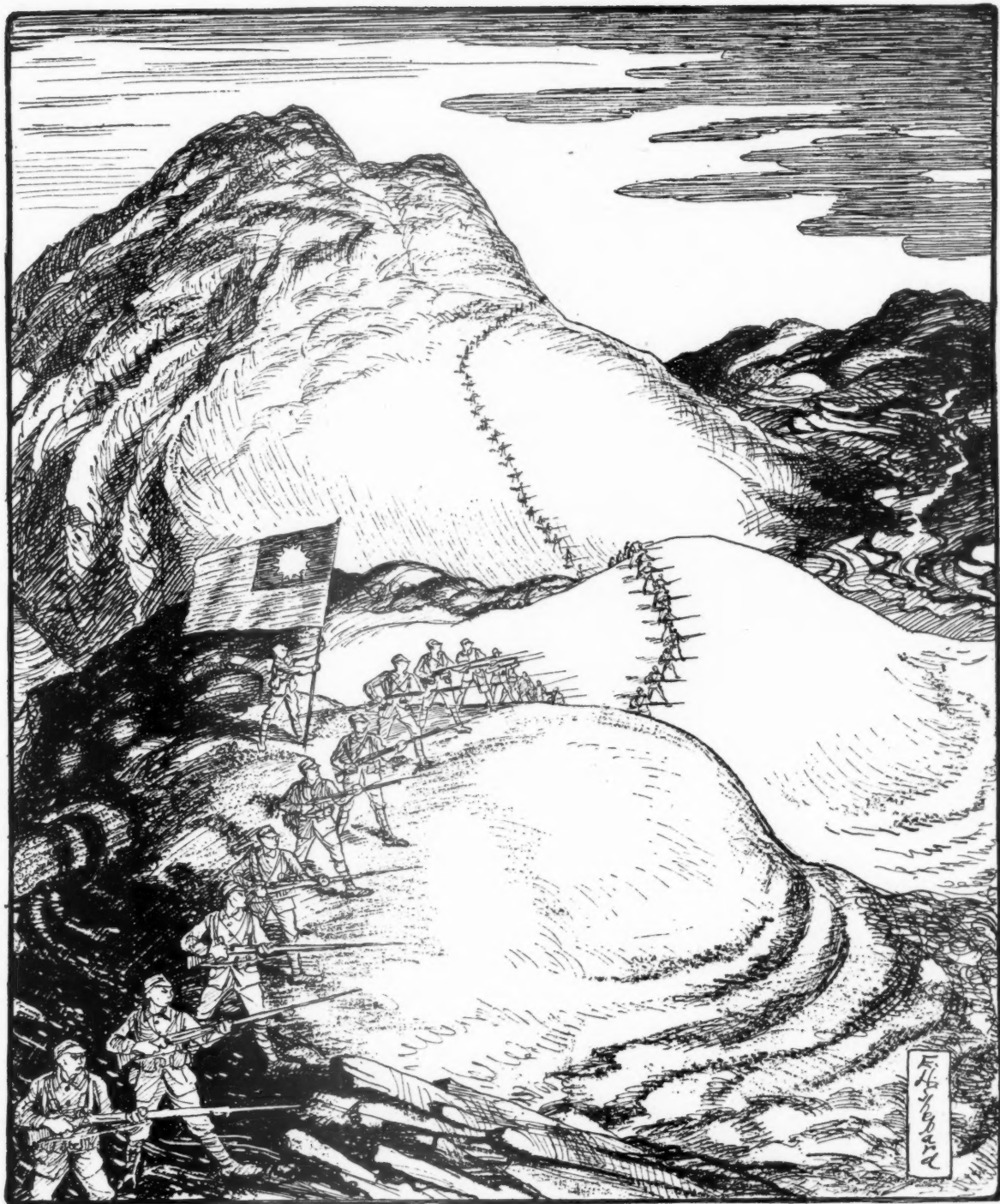
And then follows the final and, as I think, the most beautiful picture (would that I might reproduce it here!) under which is written:

MISS BENTLEY LIFTING THE CZAR, THE CROWN PRINCE
OF DENMARK, PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE AND THE
DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

The Czar is seated fair and square, the others are twined or poised in a more precarious and less dignified fashion on or round about him. They are all in evening-dress, with ribbons and stars. Miss Bentley, with high collar and leg-of-mutton sleeves, lightly touching the two back posts of the chair with the palms of her hands, has swung her illustrious cargo up a good foot from the floor.

Tamburlaine drove four Kings of Asia in a chariot, our own King Edgar was rowed upon the river Dee by seven kings. It was the work of a fragile English girl to raise from a palace carpet in 1892 the august bodies of a czar, two princes, and a royal duke, piled together on a single wooden chair.

And yet they wonder to-day (in Liverpool) whether women are capable of watching for and putting out, if need be, incendiary bombs. EVOE.



THE GREATER WALL OF CHINA



"You mustn't ask me where my husband's regiment has been sent to, but I'm afraid he won't like it. Poor dear, he always hated curry!"

Captain's Cake

"CLICKETY-Click," called a parade-ground voice outside the open port-hole of my cabin. "Clickety-click," echoed a chorus of corporals, strung out on the perimeter of the ring of figures in topees and khaki drill, who squatted on the warm hard deck, some upholstering it with life-jackets. The lucky ones would be puncturing a hole and inserting a match-stick in the square on their cards numbered sixty-six.

I should by this time have known better than to attempt a post-luncheon nap on a Friday. There had been the usual weekly Pay Parade in the morning. By 1400 hours every inch of available deck-space was taken by some "school" engaged in the game described in Orders as "House" (with the aspirate). So I just lay on my

bunk and listened, lazily trying to decipher the cryptic numerology peculiar to "Ousey-Ousey."

"Royal Salute." That was twenty-one and soluble. Easy too was "Kelly's Eye"—the reference being apparently to some Cyclopean Manxman. "All the sevens" meant just two of them, while "Top of the Shop" in telephones would be "naine-naine." A single nine on the other hand was "Doctor's Orders." Thirteen became, too obviously, "Unlucky," while "Tickety-Boo" stood duty for sixty-two.

At intervals a new voice intruded, with the cry "Full House!" The claim checked, the winner was paid out, new cards distributed, twopences collected, and the game began afresh. By common report the same ritual was being

performed simultaneously aboard every trooper in the large convoy. It continued all through the torrid afternoon, a soothing antidote to all thought of the Stuka which dove and the U-boat that rose. "Number Five!" outspoke the Sergeant, *allegro ma non troppo*. "Number Five!" repeated the Corporals *fortissimo*, like a kind of litany.

Rising first dog-watch they sprang on me a versicle or ejaculation that was new. "Captain's Cake!" came the surprising announcement, and the faithful echo was drowned in a howl of derisory cheers, from which I gathered that I was not the only one to find this numerical symbol unfamiliar.

I recalled seeing something in Orders last week about the Master of the ship offering weekly a cake to be won by the tidiest mess-table. On my way to

tea I glanced at the notice-board where they post wireless-bulletins and things. Orders for next day were already on view. One paragraph in them hit my eye. "The Captain's Cake is this week awarded to Mess No. 71. The Master of H.M. Transport *Pachyderm* congratulates all concerned on the neat and orderly appearance of their mess, and in this the O/C Troops desires to be associated with him."

So whenever "Ousey-Ousey" was played the number 71 came to be represented as "Captain's Cake," even though Mess No. 71 never repeated their success in subsequent weeks. Indeed they were careful not to. For the remainder of the voyage they were more intent on living down their triumph. Mess table 71 was part of the allotment of the Homeshire Yeomanry, and the odium which the winning table inspired for itself inevitably shadowed the entire unit. - Any man seen on deck wearing the flash of that fine regiment in his pith helmet was apt to be greeted with catcalls and caustic remarks about the Captain's Cake. If the vagaries of the ocean caused his step to falter, somebody was sure to ask him if he was doing the cake-walk. And all the time the unfortunate trooper might belong to Mess No. 68, who had actually been using their butter-dish as a sugar-basin, or to No. 73, whose orderly had emptied no fewer than four pieces of the Ministry of Shipping's cutlery down the scupper along with the washing-up water.

It is regrettable that envy had little to do with the ostracism which Mess No. 71 and, by affinity, all the Homeshires were forced to endure. Desirable as the Captain's Cake might be, there were limits beyond which most tables would not willingly go in their efforts to earn it. When, prior to the first award, the orderlies at Table 71 were observed scouring the interiors of dixies and mess-tins with metal-polish, it was felt that a route-march was being stolen. When an R.A.M.C. lance-corporal gave it as his considered opinion that this practice might, moreover, lead to food-poisoning, it was agreed that the Homeshires were not merely sneaks but criminals as well. None the less, other messes had to follow the lead. Though the troops had no buttons to clean, the ship's canteen experienced a run on button-polish. The job of mess orderly was now by no means a sinecure, because, if no one actually pined for the Cake, neither, in these low latitudes, did he relish the prospect of extra fatigues below deck.

By the time we docked, somewhere in the Middle East, the Cake joke

seemed to have worn rather crumby. But it was given a sensational exhumation. The rear baggage-parties left aboard were witnesses. A suborned native stevedore came up the gangway carrying a large cardboard box and inquired of the guard the way to the Captain's cabin. A little later the orderly officer, a subaltern in the Flintshire Fusiliers, was asked what he knew about it. "It" was a gigantic mound of dough surmounted by seventy-one used match-sticks, and "it" was accompanied by a label bearing the legend: "The Corporals and O/Rs of the 4th Homeshire Yeomanry congratulate the Master of

H.M.T. *Pachyderm* on the neat and orderly appearance of his ship."

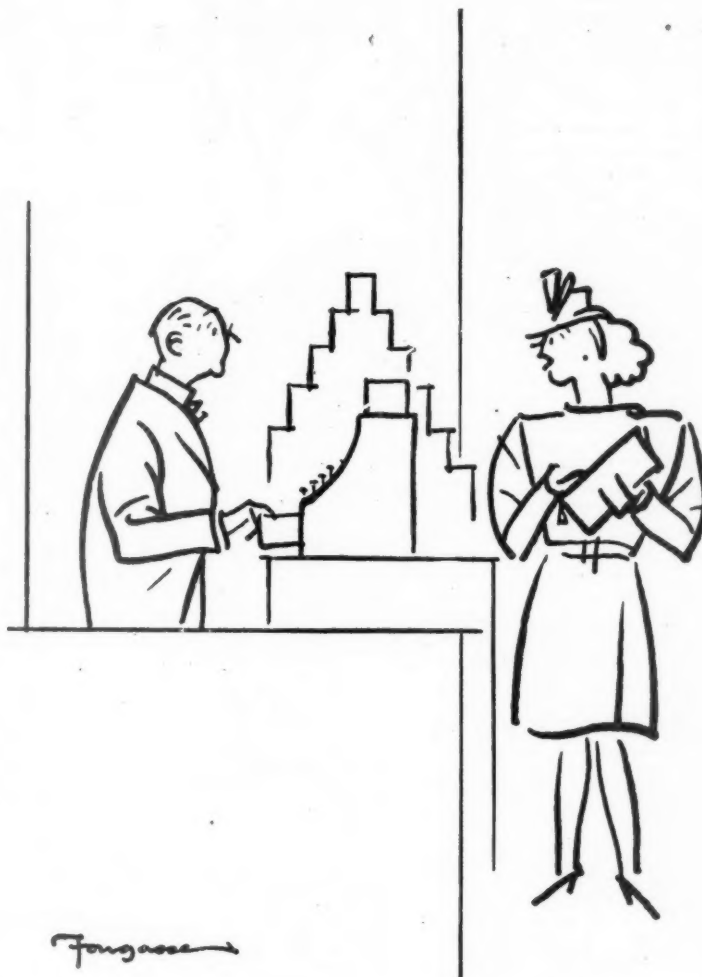
But the reverse of the label bore the address, only partly erased, of a unit of the R.A.S.C.

"BLOODHOUND IN CHILD HUNT
FOUND, PICKING BLACKBERRIES"
Daily Express.

A degenerate breed.

"FEWER GOLF BALLS"
Daily Telegraph.

So make those you have go further.



"But if there's going to be a shortage if people buy up more than they need, then surely the best thing I can do is to buy up as much as I can in case they do, isn't it?"

At the Pictures

"IN WHICH WE SERVE"
(GAUMONT AND
MARBLE ARCH)

It has taken some time for the author of *Easy Virtue* and *Bitter Sweet* to attune himself to the present mood of the country, but the greatest of his many talents has not failed him, and *In Which We Serve* is a faultless heroic drama. In addition to writing the script and the music, and producing and directing the film, Mr. NOEL COWARD plays the principal part, *Captain Edward Kinross*, a self-effacing man of incisive speech and action, worshipped by his crew and as solicitous of their happiness as duty and discipline permit. The destroyer he commands is dive-bombed in the Battle of Crete, and as the survivors, wounded and machine-gunned, cling to the float we see the past through the memories of the Captain, the Chief Petty Officer (BERNARD MILES), and Ordinary Seaman *Shorty Blake* (JOHN MILLS). The differences in age and circumstances of the three men are nicely indicated by the nature of their memories. *Shorty Blake*, a carefree youth, remembers his recent courtship and marriage; his bride (KAY WALSH) is, of course, a poor girl, but young and lovely. *Walter Hardy*, the Chief Petty Officer, remembers his little home and the two women who live and quarrel in it, his loyal but worn and rather short-tempered wife (JOYCE CAREY) and her trying old mother. The wife of *Captain Kinross* (CELIA JOHNSON) is still young, but has two children; one of them a boy whom his father addresses, with brusque tenderness, as "Son." Her love for her husband and her ceaseless anxiety while he is at sea are hidden under a gracefully light manner, but flash out for a moment as she opens the telegram announcing that he is safe. She is the finest of the three wives, as her husband is the finest of the three men, but, like

her husband, unobtrusively. There is only one death among the three characters, the victim, killed in an air-raid, being *Mrs. Hardy*, the least

indispensable of the three wives, since she is neither a mother nor a youthful bride.

Technically, the film is a masterpiece, its theme makes it moving, and the intelligence put into it commands one's admiration.

"MY UNIVERSITIES"
(TATLER)

My Universities, a Soviet film, is based on MAXIM GORKY's Autobiography, and gives a vivid picture of GORKY's desperate struggle as a young man. The film opens with the arrival of *Gorky* (N. VALBERT) in Kazan. Too poor to become a student, he has to take a job in a bakery. The baker, *Semyonov* by name (S. KAYUKOV), a drunken bully who bribes the inspectors to turn a blind eye to the filth in which his men work and sleep, is nevertheless by no means unlikeable. He loves his pigs, and when one of his workmen poisons them the desolation of *Semyonov*, seated among their corpses, is quite heart-rending. It is indeed difficult not to sympathize with his exasperation against *Gorky*, who, though at first disliked by the other men because he reads serious

books, eventually unites them against their tyrant. *Semyonov* capitulates, there is a drunken revel, and one is left with the hope, if not the certainty, that his workmen will fill the place in *Semyonov's* heart once occupied by his pigs. After *Semyonov* has been settled, the film becomes rather desultory. A demonstration organized by the students is dispersed by the Tsarist police, and *Gorky* tries to commit suicide. His fellow-workmen at the bakery, in an unconvincing scene, call on him in hospital and give him new courage. Presently he is wandering by the sea, and falls in with a procession of starving peasants on their way to the city to find food. Picking up a new-born baby, he holds it over the rolling breakers. "Yell, assert yourself!" he shouts. "Yell, you new dweller in the Russian land!" The baby, naturally enough, yells. H. K.



[In Which We Serve]

SPEECH DAYS IN THE SILENT SERVICE

Captain "D" NOEL COWARD



[My Universities]

A PETTING PARTY

Semyonov S. KAYUKOV

Saluting As It Shouldn't

III

CARRYING on with my analysis of Saluting As It Shouldn't—last week, if you remember, I dealt with the Salute Ignorant and the Salute Courteous—I'll leave the Salute Obsequious till later and discuss this week the Salute Devastating.

This may occur in several ways, but the following is a good example. A young and rather new soldier, laden with rifle, pack, haversack, gas-mask, in fact the whole blooming Christmas-tree, plus kit-bag, is drifting aimlessly about the burrows of the Underground trying to find the way to King's Cross—it always is King's Cross. Turning a corner he suddenly meets a full-blown General.

Now Generals have not so far entered into his brief military career to any great extent, but the iron of discipline has entered into his soul, and all that red and gold, he feels, is definitely Big Stuff. He recalls the admonitions of his not-so-distant recruit course—"Thumper! What did your sergeant say about meeting an officer?") and realizes a salute is very obviously indicated, particularly for such a Very Rare Officer as this. The suddenness of the encounter doesn't give the wretched lad time to realize further that salutes are not welcome in crowded tubes. So he salutes—something after this way. He drops his kit-bag—on the foot of a man following behind—and begins to salute with the right hand, at which point his rifle slung over his right shoulder starts to slide off. This recalls to him that he mustn't salute with the hand when carrying a rifle, so he tries to unsling it with the laudable idea of sloping it and saluting with it—though even now an awful suspicion is crossing his mind that Generals really should have a "present arms." However, before he gets very far the rifle is thoroughly entangled with both his gas-mask and his haversack, and the piling swivel is hooked up in his left breast pocket. He hastily decides to give up the saluting-with-rifle idea and just get it slung on his left shoulder so that he can salute with his right hand.

Even this proves to be impracticable, for by now the rifle, intricately tied up with his clothing and equipment, is about as movable as a five-ton anchor wedged in a coral reef; while severe tugs seem only likely to disintegrate him altogether as a unit of the Forces. Moreover, the butt has hit a man next him on the elbow, who has several

things to say about it; a crowd has piled up in front and behind; and the embarrassed General, in trying to escape the imminent carnage, has fallen over the kit-bag. . . . Well, one needn't go on, but that's a fair specimen of the Salute Devastating. And all because a young recruit remembered—at the wrong time—what he'd been taught at his drill-sergeant's knee.

THE SALUTE INESCAPABLE

For some reason this is indulged in more frequently by the Navy than the other Services. Maybe it's that brotherhood-of-the-seas feeling; but anyway it's generally a sailor and nearly always a first day on shore leave—with, as Kipling puts it, all that that implies. It goes something like this:

A matelot, obviously very happy, is tacking amiably along the pavement when he sees a naval officer approaching him. Now a soldier or airman in similar circumstances would, if he had any sense, take avoiding action at this point by setting a course down a side street, but the sailor is having no truck with things like sense on his first day ashore. He decides to go through with it and salute this officer.

And after all, he tells himself as he considers the matter more deeply, it's not a question of his *deciding* to salute. He damn well *has* to salute. This officer is an officer, and it's the regulations. Moreover, he's proud to salute any naval officer: all brothers under the skin, all sailors under the gold braid. . . .

At this point the officer, who has had a weather eye on the situation, decides tactfully to look in a shop window till the matelot has passed. The latter, however, having made up his mind he has to salute, is not going to be put off by subterfuge. And it's no longer a question of *having* to salute. Why, he *wants* to salute.

So he also stops and looks in a shop window till the other is ready to move on. It's a privilege to salute such a nice naval officer as this naval officer evidently is. Fine type! Born leader! Never served under a better! (Not that he's ever served under him at all, but he's now got around to thinking that way.)

Catching sight of his reflection in the window, he is taken a little aback. Who is this sloppy-looking son of a sea-cook? Disgrace to the Service! That cap on the back of the head, that over-blown quiff of hair. Can't salute an officer looking like that.

He immediately embarks on a hasty toilet to make himself fit for the impending ceremony, and on finishing looks up to see that the officer, finding the shop-window gambit ignored, has apparently changed his mind and is now walking off the other way. . . .

Here, this won't do at all, thinks the sailor. This officer is due for his salute, one of the very best salutes, and now he won't get it. He toys with the idea of calling him back to be saluted, luckily thinks better of it, and sets off in pursuit.

The officer, who has had experience of affable sailors on leave and doesn't want any trouble, rings down to the engine-room for a full head of steam and whips up several more knots. The sailor does the same—a trifle indignantly. He's decided to salute this officer; this officer is entitled to a salute; this officer has damn well got to have a salute.

So off they go down turnings, across roads, in shops one way and out another, the officer dodging and twisting—but the result is inevitable. Sooner or later he'll have to give in, turn and walk past his pursuer and get it over with. Slightly out of breath but with an air of respectful triumph, the matelot will then salute him and with any luck won't be able to think of a few welcoming words to go with it before the other is out of ear-shot. If the officer had been more experienced he would have gone through with it in the first place, for it's the Salute Inescapable and there's no dodging it—unless he takes a taxi.

And even then the sailor is quite capable of getting in at one door, saluting him and getting out at the other.

A. A.

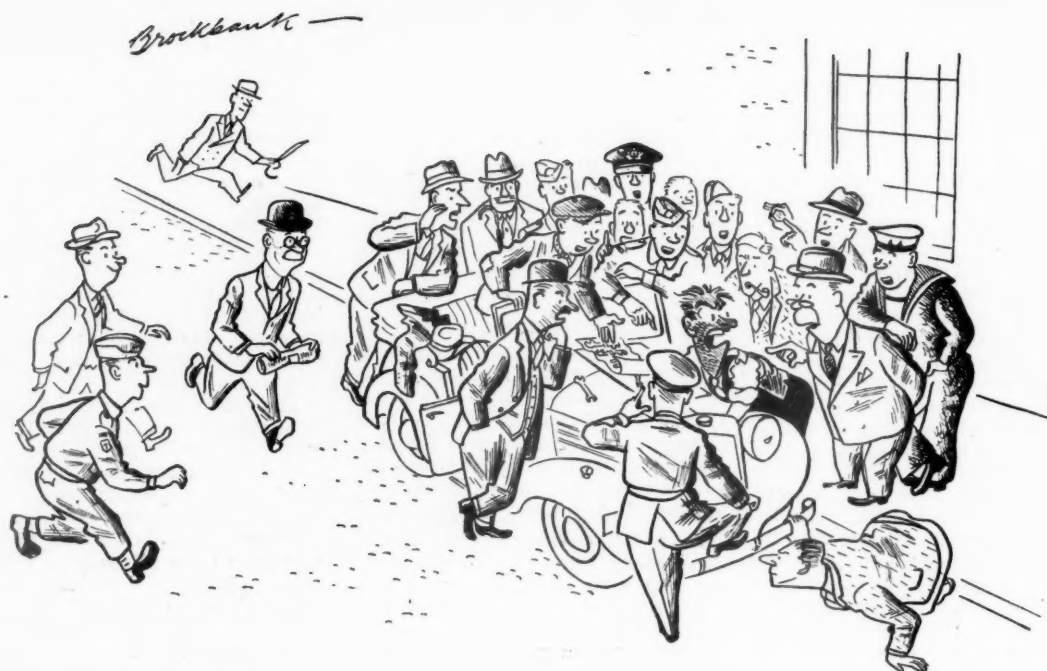
Home Forces

WE hear the bombers going out
That head at night across the
the sea

And we are left—oh, do not doubt
We shall be with you presently.

Watching from the shores we guard
We see the Navy steaming by,
Oh, think of us, the evil-starred,
Inactive—yet our day is nigh.

O gallant comrades of the air,
O comrades of the dangerous deep,
The clock ticks on, we shall be there,
We wait the word, we do not sleep.



"... All right—all right—I know."

H. J. Talking

I SUPPOSE that few men have had so much to do with statues of Ruskin as I have. When I was a boy there was one in the garden: it had originally been of Pan blowing tunes at the scenery. My father had a plaque made which said it was Ruskin as this was cheaper than buying a new statue and also made it more interesting than statues usually are. There was another outside my bedroom window when I was living in lodgings trying to get broken in before my marriage. It was a large statue in chalk, that being the local stone, and had suffered by children breaking off the features and using them to write rude words on the plinth. Then, while I was on a walking tour a stranger came up to me and gave me a rubber statue of Ruskin, this being really an advertisement for a firm which made all kinds of things in rubber. Lastly, as part of her dowry my wife's people clubbed together to buy her a statue of Ruskin, but being very poor could not afford it all at once so got it from a firm which sold them in sections, and it was eight years before we had all Ruskin in the drawing-room. We usually gave a party whenever we fitted on a new arm or leg. I also acquired some relics of Ruskin, including his tambourine and a kind of parachute he wore when examining the tops of architecture.

You might almost say that the arts are in my blood, and all in all we are a very elevating family to visit. B. Smith, when not about his solar biology, is frequently about his murals, which line the house continuously from the loft to the hall. They illustrate scenes from British history in the nineteenth century. The history that B. Smith learnt at

school being mostly economic history there are no battles, but only things like "The Passing of the Bank Charter Act" and "Sir William Harcourt explaining Death Duties to the Cabinet." What makes these murals very striking is that the characters are all in the nude, that being how B. Smith was taught art. My wife goes in more for topiary, and at the moment our front hedge is in the shape of a hen, Clark Gable and another hen. For my own part I do not stop at collecting relics of Ruskin but paint problem pictures, and these are thought to be very puzzling indeed, one such being a picture of two eagles, and the title is "Where has Jessica gone?"—Jessica being the name of the third eagle.

When we were married my wife was most anxious that things should at least start well, and she wrote the account for the local paper herself. It was a very long account but being the slack season they printed it all. After a few remarks on the architecture of the church, which she got from the guide-book, and on the bridegroom, over whom she skated lightly, she devoted most of her space to a description of the bride, who, she said, was a gay winsome girl, aglitter with waggish charm and a rare one for winning hearts, though she rather spoilt it all by insisting on adding what a good cab-driver she had been and would be again if it came to it. She had great difficulty in choosing bridesmaids as she wished her looks to be set off by comparison with theirs. She finally selected two of her aunts and dressed them in black satin and large purple hats. One hitch at this wedding was caused by my wife's family, who were so

THANK YOU

AN Officer in charge of a Comforts Depot to whom we have been able to send supplies of our wool writes:

"In a letter it is difficult for me adequately to express my gratitude for the valuable help you give us, thus enabling further supplies of knitted comforts to be dispatched to the soldiers overseas.

"I wish I were in the position to be able to thank personally all the supporters of your Fund, for I am most grateful for this aid to our work."

We also tender our thanks to all Subscribers, and in doing so beg them to continue their most valuable help by sending Donations which will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Mr. Punch at PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

uneducated that they cooked the rice before they threw it, and the confetti in with it, and when we came out of the church we found two lines of them each digging into a pie-dish with a spoon.

One trouble with my wife is that she tries to capitalize my scientific reputation, and once advertised herself to give elementary lectures on my discoveries to Women's Institutes. They would begin all right, but after a few minutes she would get worked up about how much more money I should have made if I had been a Chartered Accountant, and would make low innuendos about me, among such being that my favourite food was cod-sandwiches, and that I frequently confused King and Edward Lear. B. Smith used sometimes to go to these lectures and put her off with such heckles as "What about the Bank Rate?" or "Justice for Scotland." Some people thought she could get an injunction against him, but others advised allure, which she tried by wearing a backless gown, this merely giving him the opportunity to post on her a small bill advertising artificial fertilisers.

It is at this point that I shall insert a fairly profound observation, this being that while love is closely connected with hate the converse is not true; such remarks as "vice versa" would not be made by careful thinkers in this connection. As a scientist I now, of course, produce evidence, this being that I have hated several people but at no time have wanted to kiss them or to be shined on by the moon in their company, such procedures being generally considered lovesome in the extreme. When I hate I do it thoroughly, and a deadly hater I am often thought to be, owing to the habit of expressing my feelings with various hostile kinds of science—for example, my invention of Expanding Port. A bottle is sent as an anonymous present and each glassful increases to thirty times its size as soon as drunk. It also leaves an after-taste of stewed tea, though this is a happy accident, and not really part of the invention.

I understand hating pretty well but what I cannot master is disdain, though as it seems so usual it must be easy. Curling my lip makes my moustache tickle my nose, this causing me to sneeze and to lose poise; sniffs make my wife treat me for colds, and her method of so doing is what she calls "Homœopathic" and consists of dropping cubes of ice down my neck. Some disdainers rely on a laugh, but it must be some special kind of laugh, for I know of only two within my range, one being very loud and boisterous,

which bursts the buttons from my waistcoat, again causing loss of poise, while the other is silent and would not be noticed unless I drew attention to it by flicking my fingers and pointing.

The Patriot

THE green curve of that lost hillside
Is held for ever in his eyes,
The bay where his boat used to ride
Under unruffled skies;

The beach where he would trim his nets
Down but a stone's-throw from his door:
The exile least of all forgets
The things he once lived for.

And when his body brings him sleep
His constant eyes must always see
That green hill pied with woolly sheep
Just as it used to be.

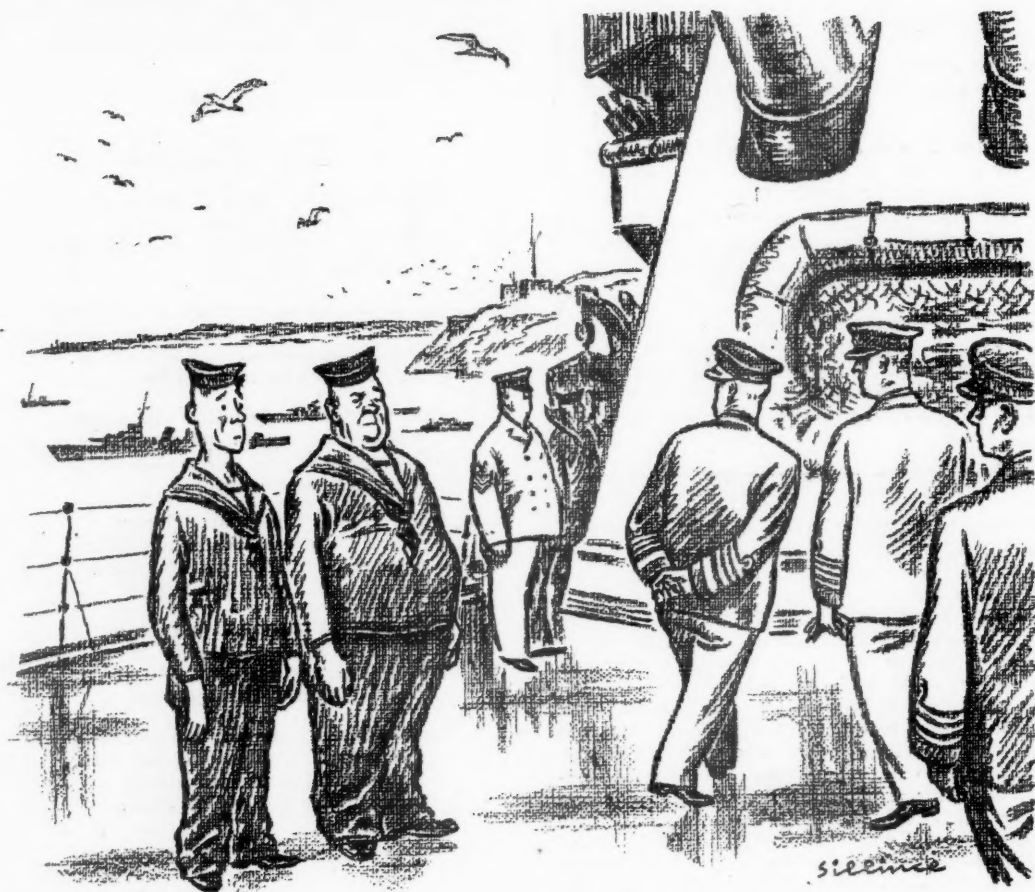
Then waking wildly, an old pain
Turns all to fire his sturdy heart;
For strength to seize his land again
He plays the panther's part.

And when at the appointed dawn
He in his silent thousands slides
Like shadows on the sea-swell, borne
Now coastward with the tides,

There will be none who can withstand
The patriot's swift unswerving path,
When on the beaches of his land
There wakes the day of wrath.



"O. K.—all in order. Enjoying your leave?"



"Don't take it to 'eart—these perishin' admirals are all the same when they're given a little bit of authority."

Ballade of a Gratifying Achievement

THEY said that I had lost my grip,
They said that I was three parts
dead.

I found no joy in comradeship.

I threw away my mail unread.

But, ah, to-day my languors fled,

To-day I had a bit of fun.

My anxious friends may go ahead.

To-day I fired a Tommy gun.

Three years since Superman let slip

The dogs of war . . . still rawly
red

The future gapes. . . I curve my lip.

I shall (as somebody once said)

Go down with reluctant tread

Rose-crowned into the darkness . . . Hun!

Get this into your punch-drunk head:

To-day I fired a Tommy gun.

I held it fairly at my hip,

A figure (as I trust) of dread.

I drew a breath and then let rip

A lovely fusillade of lead.

The sergeant groaned—"One shot, I said!"

Too bad my magazine was done.

I laughed. I had no tears to shed,

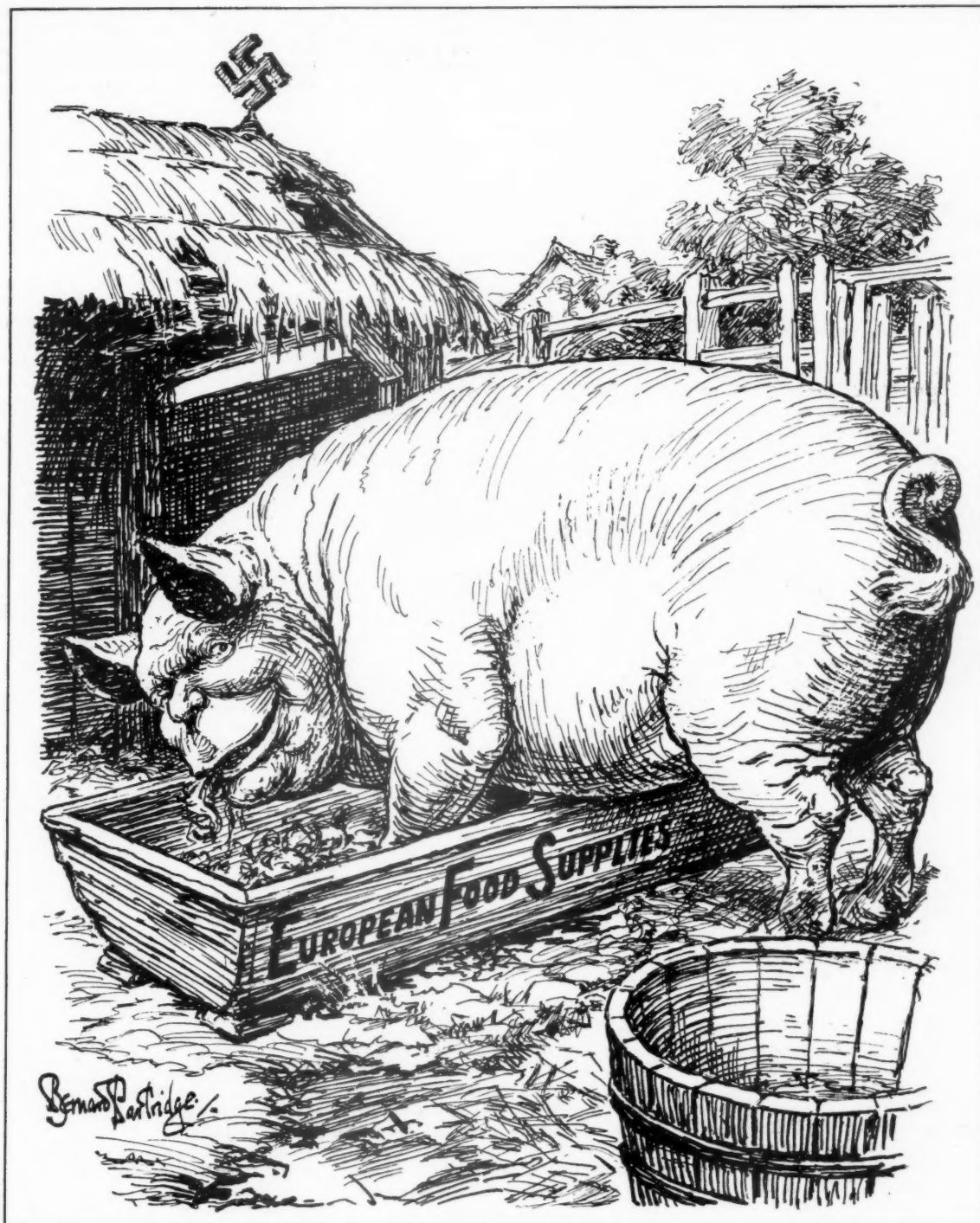
For I had fired a Tommy gun.

My shots all missed (*I thought so.*—ED.),

The target mocked me in the sun.

But rapt this night I go to bed . . .

To-day I fired a Tommy gun.



GOERING UEBER ALLES

"What's the matter? Surely we have plenty to eat."

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Tuesday, October 6th.—House of Lords: Defends an Englishman's House.

House of Commons: More on Fuel.

Wednesday, October 7th.—House of Lords: Justice Casts Its Shadow Before.

Thursday, October 8th.—House of Commons: Debate on India.

Tuesday, October 6th.—Mr. ERNEST BROWN, our Minister of Health, issued to M.P.s to-day a report showing that Britain's health is as good as ever it was. It declared that infectious complaints are decreasing.

Yet as soon as the House of Commons assembled, Miss IRENE WARD exhibited severe symptoms of that highly virulent disease known to Parliamentary physicians as *Delabereitis*.

Its first victim (or founder, or patron, or inventor), Mr. RUPERT DE LA BERE, M.P., made himself medically famous by emitting a series of slogans: "Is this not *very* unsatisfactory?" "This matter cannot be dismissed *lightly*;" indeed, it cannot be dismissed *at all*," and so on.

These slogans were uttered in a tone of great and bitter severity, but with an underlying blandness that endeared their utterer to the hearts of all who love good clean harmless fun. His latest anti-Press sentiments have, unhappily, recently led some of his fellow-legislators to pronounce his name "*Dai ly Bore*," but he will doubtless recover.

For him there is hope. Over the (presumably) un-immunized Miss IRENE WARD many shook their heads a little sadly. Women Members are apt to catch these things rather badly. Doctors like Sir HENRY MORRIS-JONES, Sir FRANCIS FREMANTLE and Dr. EDITH SUMMERSKILL looked anxiously at Miss WARD as she rose to face Sir WALTER WOMERSLEY, imperturbable Pensions Minister.

Thrusting out her chin, leaning forward ominously, shouting raspingly, she demanded to be told whether the Government was in favour of wives having equality or not. And (she announced, in a perfect imitation of admiring—or possibly jealous—Mr. DE LA BERE, sitting opposite) she wanted an answer, "Yes or No."

For some reason the House seemed to find this ferocity funny. Perhaps because it does not fit in with the somewhat exotic fashions and coiffure Miss WARD affects. The more the House laughed, the more Miss WARD

fumed, and it took Mr. Speaker's soothing skill, finally, to give her the necessary anaesthetic.

Question-time was otherwise mainly notable for these contributions to Modern Thought:

"It is not practicable to secure self-denial by compulsion."—Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

"Damage to the extent of £70,000 in Glasgow air-raid shelters is due to the natural ebullience of youth."—Mr. TOM JOHNSTON, Secretary for Scotland.

So now we know.

Mr. ARTHUR GREENWOOD, leading the Opposition, asked the PRIME MINISTER to enlarge on a statement

speech, the burden of which was that (as in so many other things) the advice of the last war should be reversed and the true patriot should extinguish or, better still, never light the home fires. The duller glowed the fires of drawing-rooms, said he, the brighter glowed the fires of hope of Victory.

Mr. SHINWELL and others saw no reason why *both* fires should not glow, since we are rich in coal. A little strangely, though, Mr. SHINWELL wanted these riches rationed—a plan Sir GEOFFREY SHAKESPEARE thought "the country would not stand for."

Vainly crying for the moon, as Authority appears to think, most Members put in a plea that more ex-miners should be released from the Services and other industry to hew more coal from the earth. Sir JOHN ANDERSON, replying for the Government, dealt summarily with this attractive proposal by announcing that still more miners would probably be wanted for the Forces.

Mr. SHINWELL, clearly a little shaken by these Combined Ops. tactics, announced that more would be heard on the subject of coal—later.

Major LLOYD GEORGE looked as one who (with strict Parliamentary propriety) should say "The Honourable Member is informing me!"

Lord BLEDISLOE, in the Lords, complained that Ministry of Food officials had invaded the house of a County Deputy-Lieutenant in a vain search for illicit stores of food. All this, he pointed out, on the strength of "undisclosed information." Even in a war for freedom, said the noble Lord pointedly, an Englishman's home was still his castle, and even a little brief but despotic authority should not be allowed to override or obscure that all-important and age-long fact.

Lord WOOLTON, Food Minister, assured their Lordships that his respect for the sanctity of the home was as great as anyone's, even if his respect for the sanctity of Defence of the Realm Regulations was just as great. In this case, said the Minister, to the manifest astonishment of the House, the victim ought to be grateful to him for the chance to demonstrate his complete and utter innocence of food-hoarding.

Confessing that he was not happy about it, Lord BLEDISLOE (having confided to the House that there is a war on!) dropped the subject. Lord WOOLTON, with the warmth, and something of the histrionic sense, of the prizefighter, instantly seized his erstwhile opponent by the hand, and they "shook" heartily.



"Let us grasp the situation,
Solve the complicated plot—
Quiet, calm deliberation
Disentangles every knot."

The Gondoliers.

["All requirements could be met with more direction, forethought and vigour."—Sir Geoffrey Shakespeare in the debate on the Coal Situation.]

by Mr. STALIN, Russia's Premier, regretting the absence of that elusive "Second Front." In vain, however, is so ill-camouflaged a net spread in the sight of so wily a bird as our PRIME MINISTER, and he had "nothing to say." Nor did the more artfully laid bird-lime of other Members have any greater success, and the Second Front remains the First Mystery.

Coal claimed the attention of the House for the rest of the day, and Major LLOYD GEORGE, Fuel Minister, made another informative, good-humoured, but not very cheering



“ . . . and don't stooge around too close to the sun.”

Wednesday, October 7th.—Distinctly one up to cheery Mr. WILLIE GALLACHER, who (to the manifest astonishment of the Conservatives) contrives to combine with his Communist views a lively and elfin sense of humour.

His victim to-day (who enjoyed the joke as hugely as we all did) was Mr. OLIVER LYTTTELTON, Minister of Production, who, in a moment of eloquence, eighty days ago, prophesied all sorts of unspecified things at the end of eighty days.

Mr. GALLACHER to-day asked some innocent-looking question of Mr. LYTTTELTON, received an equally innocuous reply.

The Parliamentary Communist Party leapt to his feet and with grave correctitude announced that owing to the unsatisfactory nature of the reply he intended to raise the matter on the adjournment . . . within the next eighty days.

The roar of laughter this “crack” justly earned would have pleased the most egotistical of professional comedians.

Government contracts, a complicated and abstruse subject, claimed the attention of the Commons for the rest of the day.

Their Lordships discussed the fate, at the bar of justice, of those guilty of war crimes. Lord MAUGHAM wanted to be sure that, this time, retribution would be swift and sure, and that no one who merited punishment should escape.

Lord SIMON, in his wig and gown, the very embodiment of the majesty of British justice, promised that the handing over of war criminals should be an armistice term, and not a long-delayed clause of the Peace Treaty, to ensure that those guilty should be shown, beyond a doubt, that crime does not, indeed, pay. All the United Nations' governments were agreed on this.

Up in the Diplomats' Gallery sat

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

the representatives of many of the oppressed nations, the light of hope in their sad eyes.

Thursday, October 8th.—India was again the subject of debate to-day, with earnest Mr. LEOPOLD AMERY, Secretary of State for India, telling the distressful story of trouble and strife.

Yet there seemed, through it all, to run a note of hope for the future.

Hot Work

“I watched a weathered sailing vessel steam in proudly.—Daily Paper.

“We were school boys together, and I shall never forget the happy time we had paddling in the clear streams, bird's nesting, nutting, and other pastimes—we were in fact dubbed ‘David and Absalom.’”

Rugeley Mercury.

Why not “Saul and Jonathan”?

A Letter from Colombo

DEAR —, To-day at last we managed to get hold of some horses, because the racing has stopped. It is much cheaper than in England, even though we are riding thoroughbred race-horses. Lack of demand, I suppose.

The coach I had to-day did not speak "moch Englis."

He said "You ride before, yes?"

"No."

"I give you one very quiet race-horse we have quietened since one month when racing she stop, no?"

I said "Thank you very much" with a grateful heart. He took me along to a stall where a wild beast was tethered by about six grappling-ropes fastened to the sharp or forrard end. (I'm sorry, but I don't know any technical terms for horses.)

This apparent rodent-cum-carnivore was just finishing off his second plank from the door when we arrived, and on seeing me literally snorted with scorn and started etching his chops free from splinters.

Presently they found the syce, who was hiding, and ordered the poor fellow into the same enclosed space as the beast. After a time you could not see a thing for splinters falling from the monster's mouth. The coach said "O.K. sar, you mount now, yes?"

I blanched, but remembering the prestige of the Sahib and quenching a half-muttered "No," I risked it.

I clambered on in the orthodox style, they cast off the mooring-ropes, and we charged out into the sweet light of day, where I was enormously relieved to find that the syce still had the animal (in actual fact a horse, I was glad to see) by a short tow-rope fastened to the prow.

After this the horse and I were towed round a circular ride. I can only hope that my reluctance was not so noticeable as the horse's.

After having done this for three circuits the coach said "You have feel of him, yes?" I replied "No, him feel very odd but no doubt him got me weighed up O.K., no?"

As no one else seemed to enjoy this unprecedented sample of wit I laughed myself. Horse, him look round and snarl at me.

To appease the beast I started frantically patting his neck with a hand I found not in use.

The coach then did a trot to show me how easy it really was and said "You do same like that now, yes?"

"No, but I'll try anything once." (Very brave when standing on flat feet, you see.)

Then started the most amazing performance, which felt odder and odder as time went on, while I was gradually shaken to pieces, without a single soul trying to save me.

After an eternity we stopped, and I saw to my relief that the syce was still on the end of the tow-rope, I was still on the horse, the horse was still on the ground, the ground was still, and I was beginning to perspire.

The coach then said "O.K.," whereupon the syce and rope disappeared and I was on my own. I let out a hollow groan and got ready for anything.

The horse, him understand my shaking with fear and tickling of shoe in rib mean "Advance." We did! Me shake much worse and horse, him trot. Finish for me! Me close eyes. Finally, as nothing too dreadful seemed to be happening, I opened them again, and by a last-minute piece of reckless driving missed a bush which the horse was trying to run down.

The coach then passed and called out: "Him race-horse—no sit blunt end or him buck!" I advanced with all available speed to the fo'c'sle.

Everything proceeded well until a wretched lorry came tearing round the end of the stable. The horse reared up, and, thinking that finally this was it, I let out a faint moan-cum-groan and instinctively tightened every muscle. The final effect was perfect, as I stood up round its neck in Tom Mix style, at the same time pulling its head back into my chest. This, by good luck, was the right thing to do, as horse calmly got down on to all-fours and I started breathing again. (Am in cold sweat by now.)

The coach then said "You beginner you do very well."

I murmured "Thank you."

"But as beginner you stop now or else you make too stiff to-morrow."

I gave the usual sickly grin, and coach said "Never mind, you have good seat." I thought "Had a good seat." He said "Four rupee, see you to-morrow." I said "Good night, me hotter than if I carry horse."

Of the whole of the evening the taxi-ride back to the hotel was the worst—if only I could have stood!

The amazing thing is that I am going back there to-morrow. Logically I can see that I am completely mad, but it was awfully good fun.

Little Talks

I'M awfully sorry—but it's time for the forty-fifth Haddock Poll.

Must you? Well, what's the first question?

I won't bother you with the first. It was: Do you think the Admiralty are the best people to run the Navy? Sixty-three per cent. said: "I should have thought it was a reasonable arrangement." Twenty-six per cent. said: "I don't know," and ten per cent. said: "I haven't the faintest idea."

What about the other one per cent.?

He threw me harshly into the street. The second question is: Do you think the Archbishop of Canterbury ought to say publicly that two and two make four?

If he gets it right—yes.

And if he doesn't?

Well, he's got a right to his opinion, hasn't he—like everybody else? As a matter of fact, I think it's a shame the way he's been criticized.

Why?

Well, aren't we fighting for Free Speech—among other things?

Quite.

What d'you mean—"quite"?

Why, haven't the critics as much right to slang him as he has to slang them—unless we've still got Benefit of Clergy?

But he doesn't slang them.

When an Archbishop talks about the "disastrous effect of Sin upon the social structure," every member of the social structure is entitled to regard himself as mildly rebuked, at least.

That, I expect, was the intention.

All right. But I should have liked to hear at least one word about the disastrous effect of Hitler on our social arrangements. You can't have Better Worlds while the Hun is about—

I agree.

Well done. But it's about time some of our preachers, lay and professional, said as much. They talk so much about *Our Sins*—British Sin—that really one begins to feel we must have started the war.

But you make Hitler an excuse for everything.

Not at all. What I do say is that if poor old Neville Chamberlain, for example, had been permitted to get on with his real job—which was social reform—you'd have seen something. It was Hitler, and nobody else, who stopped him. And anyone who runs down our efforts before the war, without taking Hitler's contribution into account—

I don't. I never did. Talking of

accounts, by the way, I didn't quite follow the Archbishop's stipulation about the banks. It was something like "The banks should not be permitted to lend more than their clients have deposited." In my poor experience that has always been the practice of at least one bank.

I know. Well, I shall put you down "Don't know."

What? Hey!

Here's the next question: Do you feel defrustrated when you contemplate the New Young Vigorous Parties?

What on earth? De-how-much?

Well, you remember for a long time we've been told that the entire population was suffering from a "sense of frustration," having lost faith in all the effete old political parties?

Oh, yes. Well, of course.

Well, now that you've beheld the antics of the Bright Young Movements, do you feel "defrustrated"—more cheery and hopeful?

Can't say I do.

There ought, I think, to be a day-to-day chart showing the latest relations between the defrustrators.

Let's see. What happened to the People's Movement?

All three chaps resigned from each other en masse.

But didn't they have a merger with Congress or something?

No. That was the 1941 Committee. And it wasn't—

I remember. It merged with Stop-Me-and-Buy-One.

Not exactly. It married Forward March. And from this unhappy union was born Common Wealth.

Why "unhappy"?

Because no sooner had they settled down into the new house than the parents decided to separate. You know those exhibition dances where the dancers are sometimes pirouetting about by themselves and sometimes leaping into each other's arms with a loud kiss—

Yes—and sometimes taking each other by the throat?

That's it. That's the defrustrators.

Well, what's the position now?

Not very clear. Priestley, you see, shot off from Common Wealth, leaving Acland on the throne.

But taking with him the 1941 Committee?

I gather not. You see, it had merged.

Perhaps he and W. J. Brown will start a movement now?

I hope they think of a better name than "Common Wealth."

I know. It's as bad as "Congress."

It's worse. Whenever young Acland issues a Pronouncement the Indians will think it's the Voice of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Common Weal would have been better.

The trouble with most of these well-intentioned lads is that they think it's a simple thing to be a "politician." But one thing a politician must be able to do is to work with other people; and that's just what they don't seem able to do.

I notice they generally have rows with the B.B.C.

Yes. And one begins to think there's something in it—they're being foully treated and so on. Then they get together, and they still have rows.

What's the next question?

Very important. But very difficult. Do you think it's right for our statesmen and prelates to announce that we are aiming at a "Christian Peace"?

Of course.

But, unfortunately, by no means all the united nations—or the neutrals still outstanding—are composed of Christians. There are Turks, Indians, Mohammedans, Hindus, Buddhists, Con—

Yes, but we don't mean that we intend to force the Christian doctrine on them.

At a Peace Conference you may find you mean exactly that—treatment of enemies and so forth.

I mean the Atlantic Charter, and all that—which we consider to be founded on Christian principles, decent principles.

Ah, but even put like that, you see, it may annoy the Turks, the Chinese, the Indians. Because they conceive themselves to be just as capable of having decent principles as we are.

I see the difficulty. Well, I should call it a Civilized Peace. If Hitler wins you may be sure nobody will call it that.

Why not simply a Good Peace?

Yes, after all, most religions agree about goodness.

It only shows what messes you get into if you talk too much about "after-the-war."

Next question?

Why didn't the Russians think of a Second Front in 1939 or '40?

A. P. H.



At the Play

"HOUSE OF REGRETS" (ARTS)

"SWEENEY TODD" (ON TOUR)

It is a house in West Kensington filled with derelict White Russians, and it is a house of other things beside regrets. It is a house, for example, of philosophy (the ancient Admiral who has attained to that "unhoped serene that men call age"). Of stubborn ambition (the foolish old General who carries a map of Europe about with him, and even in 1939 clings to the fantastic hope that Russia with the help of the Germans may once more become a land fit for true Russians like himself and family to live in). Of pathos (the antique dancing-master who lives deep in the past and considers even RIMSKY-KORSAKOV an upstart and new-fangled jackanapes). Of workaday detachment (the General's widowed daughter, *Mme. Barinova*, who runs the house and fervently hopes that every kind of strain—from the international to the domestic—can be satisfactorily allayed with relays of tea or of coffee, according to the hour). Of youthful rebellion (the son *Paul* and the daughter *Marina* who respectively become an angry pro-English soldier and a militant pro-Soviet Communist).

As if this were not matter enough for a very young dramatist to wield, Mr. PETER USTINOV introduces into his rebellious, busy, pathetic, obstinate, philosophical House of Regrets (1) two more sad waifs—old ladies who find a defiant comfort in religion, (2) another daughter, *Tamara*, who does nothing all day and night but wrangle with her husband *Sergei*, who is a transported moujik, and (3) *June*, *Paul's* idea of a sweetheart, who is a London dance-floor maid, and about as far as we can go in the way of culturelessness. There is little action in this play. *Sergei* steals *June*. *Paul* discovers the theft and, while he is "enjoying" a few hours' leave, confronts the thief with the deed. He threatens to tell *Tamara* and the household. *Sergei* effectively counters with information he has come by that *Paul* had given his hard-working

mother no news of a recent increase in his fortunes, everything going to the worthless girl. Nobody, therefore, is told anything. The game is drawn. Little else happens—excepting the outbreak of war.

But who can reasonably ask for action in a play so teeming with characters truly observed and wittily delineated? The only one not already mentioned—the General's batman, *Strukhov*—looks in on the assembled family to say: "I have been reading DOSTOIEVSKI'S *Idiot*. What extraordinarily clear characters! They might

the kitchen where the General likes to wash and get in the way of *Mme. Barinova's* cooking or coffee-making. We know the bedroom upstairs, where the discordant couple quarrel violently enough to make the lights blink in the stage-room and the old Admiral on his sofa shut his eyes, keep them shut, and say: "If something doesn't happen soon, I shall fall asleep." We even know the stairs down to the front door, their faintly feline smell, their patient milk-bottles.

Some credit for this theatre-effectiveness should certainly go to

Mr. ALEC CLUNES for his profoundly sympathetic production, and for his ingenious assembling of a cast which obviously conforms in nearly every particular to the author's intentions. If Mr. USTINOV, for example, imagined a shrewder, serener, wittier old gentleman than Mr. JOHN RUDDOCK makes the Admiral, then our new TCHEHOV imagined something beyond possibility. Mr. NOEL WILLMAN, too, is hardly less astonishing, especially in the last Act when this tottering choreographer goes crack-brained, declares that DEBUSSY is the Devil, and executes a *pas seul* with delicate, mad feet. But everybody concerned with this production—notably Mr. GIBB McLAUGHLIN and Miss SUSAN RICHARDS, Mr. JULIAN DALLAS and Miss LALAGE LEWIS in parts all the more difficult because they are more sketchy—deserves unusual laud and honour.

That famous old melodrama in which *Sweeney Todd*, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street, "polishes off" all his customers to provide something to put into *Mrs. Lovitt's* pies, is having what the bills of the Metropolitan and the Bedford call a "grand centenary revival." Mr. TOP SLAUGHTER, who ought henceforth to give himself the extra first-name of Sweeney, gloats and glavers with appalling sincerity and vast popular success. There is not a single impertinent syllable of modernization in the text used, and Mr. SLAUGHTER's company supports and overacts well enough to make the evening, at one and the same time, horrible, horrisnant, horripilant, and funny. A. D.



ANCIENT LIGHT ON MODERN WARFARE

Admiral Konstantin Papanin Mr. JOHN RUDDOCK
General Andrei Cherevenko Mr. MAX ADRIAN

easily walk in at the door when we lay the book down." Mr. USTINOV's characters have this same Russian verisimilitude. In to-day's intensely cosmopolitan London we observe them again in the bus, the tube train, the suburban street, for the few hours after we have visited his play. They are not people we know, but they are people whom his high playwriting talent makes us know (and we shall call that high talent "genius" if he can give us another play no worse than this one). He has, moreover, the instinctive flair—almost peculiar to Russian playwrights and some few French ones like M. MAURILAC—of leading our minds into unseen rooms off-stage. We know

The Purist

"REALLY, sergeant, this is absolutely deplorable. How many men have I interviewed for this job? Eleven, eh? And not one of them with more than a rudimentary knowledge of his own language. Heaven alone knows how they held down their jobs in civilian life. Are there any more applicants?"

"Two more, sir. Private Brown and Private Dymwitt."

"Well, I'd better see 'em, I suppose. Send 'em in."

"Very good, sir. PRIVATE BROWN!"

"Ah, good morning, Brown. So you want this job of telephone orderly, eh? You know what it entails, of course—taking down telephone-messages and transmitting them to the various officers in the company. Not at all difficult, but I insist upon the successful applicant possessing a decent working knowledge of English. You think you have a working knowledge, do you? H'm—that's what everyone tells me. Don't drink, I hope? The last telephone orderly we had here was found lying prone on his back with a beer-bottle in his hand."

"Ah, an acrobat, I presume, sir."

"An acrobat? What on earth are you talking about, man?"

"Well, sir, 'prone,' as I understand the word, means lying face downward. So if this man was found lying face downward on his back . . . or did you intend to say 'supine,' sir?"

"Why—I—er—of course. I trust you're not inferring that I don't know what I'm talking about, are you?"

"Of course not, sir. In any event I'm sure you will agree that it is impossible for me as the speaker to infer anything. Only the hearer can infer. The speaker implies, as you will be aware, sir."

"I—hrrmph!—I can see you're a difficult fellow to catch out, Brown. You've done quite well. An unusual knowledge of English for a member of this camp. Most unique, in fact."

"I confess I have given some study to the language, sir, but I can scarcely claim to be most unique. There are no degrees of uniqueness; a thing is unique or it is nothing."

"Er—yes—naturally, Brown, naturally. Well, I'm quite satisfied with your English—quite satisfied. Now what about spelling? I see you've been to a public school, and it's been my experience that an inability to spell is the hall-mark of a public school education. A seeming paradox, Brown, but very true, I've found."

"There is something in what you

say, sir, but it could scarcely be termed a seeming paradox. The definition of a paradox is, I believe, a seeming contradiction—so that a seeming paradox would be a seeming, seeming contradiction. I perceive you are still trying to trip me up, sir."

"Ha-ha! Very smart of you to spot that, Brown. Well, I think that will do. You will be informed if your application is successful."

"Thank you, sir."

"Ph—e—w! Well, what the devil are you grinning at, sergeant? Send that other man in."

"Very good, sir. . . . PRIVATE DYMWITT!"

"Ah, good morning, Dymwitt. So you want the job of telephone orderly, do you?"

"Not 'arf I don't, sir."

"You can speak and write English?"

"Not 'arf I can't, sir."

"And you think you could do the job?"

"Not 'arf I couldn't, sir."

"Right. Report to the sergeant here at 0800 hours to-morrow morning."

"You mean I got the job, sir?"

"Not half you haven't, Dymwitt!"



FLAMING CHRYSANTHEMUMS



"How do you expect to run a home, Smith Minor, if you don't know your fuel tables?"

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

A Tribute to Hilaire Belloc

NONE of our contemporaries is so hard to classify as HILAIRE BELLOC. He cannot be dismissed as merely versatile, for he has never lost himself in his achievements. But though he permeates all his work, the total effect of his work is not homogeneous. One is conscious of a powerful temperament inspired by conflicting impulses. His Catholicism is institutional not mystical; it expresses his active political side and seems to have little influence on his poetry, which is secular in tone and more akin to VIRGIL and DU BELLAY than to FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

Since little of any value has yet been written on Mr. BELLOC, one cannot help regretting that this book (*For Hilaire Belloc. Essays in Honour of his Seventy-second Birthday*, SHEED AND WARD, 9/-) is not devoted to an examination of his work. As the contributors are all friends of Mr. BELLOC and fellow-Catholics, the examination would have been inspired by sympathy and understanding, and as they are writers with reputations of their own it would not have dwindled into mere eulogy. This is clear from the only essay devoted to Mr. BELLOC, a tribute to his political thought by Mr. DOUGLAS JERROLD, who dissociates himself from Mr. BELLOC's opinion that English politicians are corrupt, but praises his forecast of the development of Liberal capitalism into the servile state. The other essays

range over many subjects, but, being written by Catholics, possess a certain unity of outlook. The most amusing is Monsignor RONALD KNOX's account of a Canon of Durham who set out in 1850 to convert the Pope to the necessity of reuniting the Christian churches. Urbane, charming and non-committal, the Pope received the Canon as a headmaster of Eton might receive a well-intentioned Borstal boy pleading for a co-ordination of English schools; and our last glimpse of the Canon is of a disillusioned and embittered man. Mr. DOUGLAS WOODRUFF has an excellent essay on NEWMAN and G. K. CHESTERTON as the two English Catholics who most effectively opposed "the secular optimism of the nineteenth century." Mr. ARNOLD LUNN writes on mountaineering, and while abating none of his love for mountains suggests that mountain worship began when institutional religion declined, and that though mountains may fitly be compared with cathedrals, those who make this comparison should remember that cathedrals are not objects to be worshipped, but places to worship in. Of the other essays the most interesting is Mr. J. B. MORTON's on ANDRÉ CHENIER, a great poet who, unlike his English counterpart, ANDREW MARVELL, did not survive the revolutionary whirlpool into which it was his fate to be plunged.

H. K.

Bouquet for Brazil

It is odd to think that the deliberate settlement of an undeveloped country by its own natives is, as a rule, the last thing to be "planned." (One always wondered why it was not done here after the last war; and one still wonders why it should not be done after this.) *Brazil* (CASSELL, 10/6), however, in the almost entirely acquisitive sixteenth century, practised the policy of "natives first" so successfully that she is to-day a nation as large as the U.S.A. with no colour-bar and no class or racial strife whatsoever. Herr STEFAN ZWEIG, whose posthumous book was written under the impulse to show a distracted Europe the way out, attributes the felicity he found in Brazil to two causes. The Jesuits, backed by the Portuguese Crown, deliberately set out to make Christians, not conquistadores or commodities, the product of Brazil; and the subsequent failure of monopolist schemes, founded on gold, rubber, cacao, coffee and so forth, providentially confirmed the original design. Premising that "civilization and culture" are not the same as "organization and comfort," Herr ZWEIG opens with an historical portrait, passes on to economics and manners, and ends with *reisebilder* of places as far apart as Rio and Belém. Informative, sagacious, enchanting—this is a memorable book.

H. P. E.

Fog and Tinsel

Our parents and grandparents seem suddenly very enviable. They saw what we did not see—the nineties, and the last of THACKERAY's London. Envy grows with every page of *Enter Three Witches* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 9/6), in which that London is the setting rather than the backcloth only. It is all so solid, not to say material, crowded with objects that glitter and can all be gathered; and Mr. D. L. MURRAY has peopled it, rightly, with materialists. Three handsome sisters from Brighton—the title of the novel is ominous, not playful—are launched into the second rank of a splendid society through the marriage of one with a South African millionaire: the others are an actress and a smart milliner. What follows is a drama—vulgar, florid, unedifying, sometimes absurd, but perfectly at home in an atmosphere of fog and gas and the

odours of fine living. We are back, you notice, where we began: for, with the exception of the actress, who is frivolous but attractive, and her husband, Mr. MURRAY's characters, as characters, are subordinate to the interest, splendour, and fascination of the world they move in. One could scarcely have a better guide to it. In the streets or at the theatre, at the races or on the river, he misses nothing of the charm, the strangeness, the humour, the self-confidence, and the heartlessness of that vanished age. Its most characteristic music is of the music-hall, its splendours largely tinsel, its slums as noteworthy as its great houses, yet it had opportunity for him who dared seize it, like the ambitious and reckless people of this story, and it has now a first-rate apologist.

J. S.

Book About Books

All those (and how many there are!) who like to potter in old book-shops will delight in *The Intimate Thoughts of John Baxter* (METHUEN, 6/-), which has been edited by Mr. AUGUSTUS MUIR from a manuscript journal that contained eight hundred words to the page and so "beat Sir Walter by a good hundred." In it we read of *Mr. Pumpherston* (all names have been altered), skull-capped, generously paunched and "dreadfully down on decadence"; of *Mr. McKerrow*, "a canny wee man" with a passion for the Covenanters and "pale watery eyes that seem to reflect battles"; of *Jimmy*, the fourteen-year-old lad. Outside the Edinburgh book-shop we have *Mrs. Gilmour*, wise in every sort of waiting, and her pack of student lodgers. Mr. JAMES HORATIO COCKBURN writes in his introduction that his heart goes out to *McKerrow*, but Jacobites, naturally, will love the author better. His chapter on the ghosts that haunt the old quadrangle, his appreciation of the three-penny counter that lured book-nosers right in from the street, his eye for a pretty girl, his jinking ambition and his quoted snatches from other people's books will make him the friend of all. But this is not a journal to write about: it is one to read and have handy for reading again. It has power to snatch you from the fireside to the affectionate close circle of those who know that the bookseller must be loved and must love his books and customers if there is to be more relish in tracking down a volume than in buying a ream of paper.

B. E. B.

Not Without Honour

An Army unit whose battle history is the familiar pride of all our most northern shires was forced into surrender on a June morning of 1940 as black for Scotland as the day of Flodden Field. Certainly no one living south of the Border will need to be told that this last abnegation was not endured until the power to resist had mechanically come to an end. It was no question of the mounting casualties that determined the decision, but simply the firing of the last round in the face of still-multiplying encircling enemies. Mr. ERIC LINKLATER tells the story—*The Highland Division* (STATIONERY OFFICE, 9d.)—in a book that is official only in inception, and tells it not as an apology for defeat but as an inspiration to fortitude and discipline under consuming disappointment. The division—the Fifty-First—was early detailed for fighting service with the French forces, and after sharing much liveliness on the Saar Front was set the task, sometimes as it must have seemed almost unaided, of holding back the flooding millions of German troops sweeping west through the fatal gap at Sedan. Less fortunate than our main army in Belgium, the Highlanders found no British Navy waiting beside the beaches, and the fight through odds to the little tidal port

of St. Valéry-en-Caux meant for nearly all of the survivors only the entry to a prison that is still unopened. Mr. LINKLATER puts the matter well. In his lighter moments he displays a marked fancy for landscape and syllepsis; in the tragic climax he comes near to realizing the capacity for greatness of the human spirit in defeat.

C. C. P.

Indian Labyrinth

Lord LYTTON's experiences of India—five years in the 'twenties as Governor of Bengal with four months as Deputy-Viceroy—would lend *Pundits and Elephants* (DAVIES, 15/-) distinction even if it had not been written to shed light on the present impasse. For this purpose its holiday chapters are perhaps a mistake. They hold up an absorbing lesson in Indian politics. The text of this lesson is that what Indian unity there is is of British extraction. Criticism comes easy to the Swarajist, constructive energy does not—though Mr. C. R. DAS is credited with an awareness (useful, one feels) of the dangers of bureaucracy. India as a State is our work and will fall if we go. India as a nation has barely begun to exist. The very introduction of Indians into office has meant more dissension: for sects which had little point of contact before now treat the political arena as a party cock-pit. Lord LYTTON's bitter experience of politicians and terrorists never impairs his admiration for the India whose wisdom and integrity inspire his title. We must build, he says, on what is "indigenous and admirable"; and he outlines the creation of a central government deriving its powers from an association of confederate States.

H. P. E.



"Well I can't play it either, but we can 'ave a go."

Gardens

THERE are so many kinds of garden that I am going to concentrate on what statisticians call the *average garden*. In striking the average in gardens, statisticians have had a busy time; they have had to take the most garden possible, which is so much that it ceases to be a garden, and the least possible, which is no garden at all, and, by adding them together and dividing them by two, statisticians have arrived at what they knew all along to be the average garden. The average garden, then, is a piece of ground mostly to the back of a house, though also to the sides and front, and surrounded by a wall, fence, hedge or indeed anything which keeps other people out; and it says much for human nature that almost anything round a garden *does* keep other people out, if only because anything surrounding a garden has been accepted as a test of character rather than as an actual obstacle to getting in.

The gate of a garden, on the other hand, serves the opposite purpose. It is also a test of character, but a test which other people—that is, the people the garden does not belong to—can pass only by getting through the gate and into the garden. This is, indeed, one of Nature's cleverest devices for showing up flaws in those we might otherwise, and may anyhow, come to consider as our friends. For this reason Nature has ordained that all garden gates not only shall be made differently in the first place—when they are sold to the people who buy them—but, after a time, shall acquire characteristics of their own, so that no one, not even after looking over the top of a gate to see what happens the other side of the latch, shall be able to *deduce* anything beforehand, however scientific that person may be. In this way the people watching through the window have a wonderful chance of gauging other people's qualities—their innate reasoning powers, their perseverance and sleight of hand, their poise in face of what they sense to be a hostile crowd hidden somewhere, and finally their consideration in shutting the gate after them.

Now for the garden itself. Before the war a garden was divided into grass, earth and paths, the earth staying roughly the same size and being filled with flowers, weeds or nothing at all, according to the time of year and the people who owned the garden. Nowadays, of course, the earth part tends more and more to be filled with vegetables, and get bigger every year, and this is a source of great satisfaction not only to the owners but to the owners' friends, who used to find it very difficult to follow what the owners were telling them about the flowers, but are getting better and better at recognizing a vegetable by the part sticking out of the ground.

The grass part of a garden deserves a few words, because, while it has been dimly noticed that grass in gardens is man's natural enemy, it has hardly been noticed at all that man in gardens is grass's natural enemy. No one knows who started the rule that all grass shall be one inch long and nothing but grass, but a look at the average lawn will prove that the grass had nothing whatever to do with it. As in most of man's other fights against the elements, it has worked out that man has triumphed over grass in

theory, but that grass has slightly the better of man in practice, especially on paths.

Not every garden has a rockery, but a lot do, and the interesting thing about rockeries is that the fashion in rocks has imperceptibly changed in the last few years, so that people thinking about rockeries can surprise themselves with the realization that they tend to think of rocks as greyish lumps, whereas all the rockeries they see round them are in brownish slices. Almost every garden has a shed, and almost every shed several bicycles (stacked in accordance with a natural law which decrees that the bicycle wanted next shall sink to the bottom of the stack) and a mower and a rocking-chair. I should mention here that no one has ever pulled a mower round a rocking-chair and out of a shed without realizing first why the rocking-chair is there and next that to get a mower from a shed to the grass by way of the path is to make such a noise as to seem so violently anti-social as to be doing it on purpose.

There is so much more to say about the average garden that I shall have to squash it up into what are called facts. Trees in gardens are different from trees outside, their owners persisting in thinking of them as tame trees there from choice. Chance hedgehogs and toads are also tame, but worms and so on are not. Bonfires in gardens are very atmospheric, because the smell of the smoke reminds everyone of something. It used to be impossible to get a bonfire to burn ever, but now it is impossible till just before black-out time, when any bonfire will burst into flame. Sticks with string between mean something has been planted. So do sticks with no string. People who prune anything are very brave indeed. Finally, to go back to the wall or fence or hedge, anyone looking over it knows the people in the garden either very well or not at all.

o o

The Scottish Harvester

UNWONTED work has warped my bones; my thews
In unexpected spots are stretched and strained;
My skin is with my native soil engrained;
My joints their customary tasks refuse;
I have been damped by autumn dawn's chill dews,
When snug in bed how gladly I'd remained!
With thorns and prickles are my fingers pained;
My insect-bites inflame to horrid hues;
Yet, though my body aches, my spirit gloats,
Not only with a sense of duty done,
For, by my help in harvesting the oats
A claim on its prime product I have won.
By this tremendous solace am I nerved—
My morning porridge will be well deserved! W. K. H.


o o

"It is intended," writes General Wavell, "that the paper should print nothing but the truth. It will, however, include the official *communiqués* of all the Powers at war."—*The Times*.


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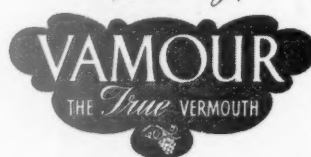


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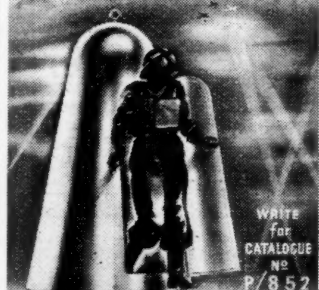


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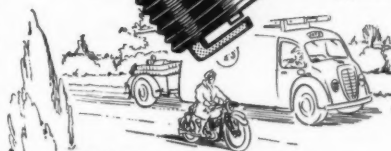


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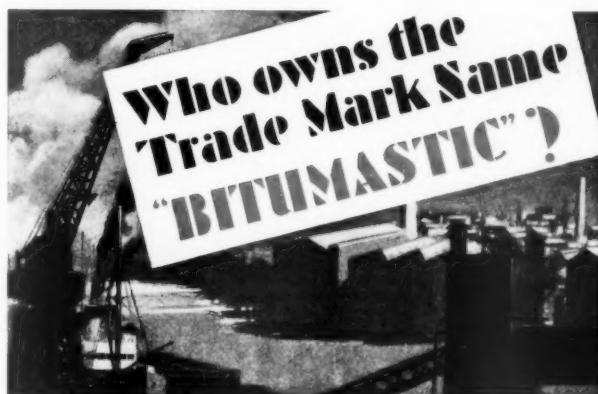
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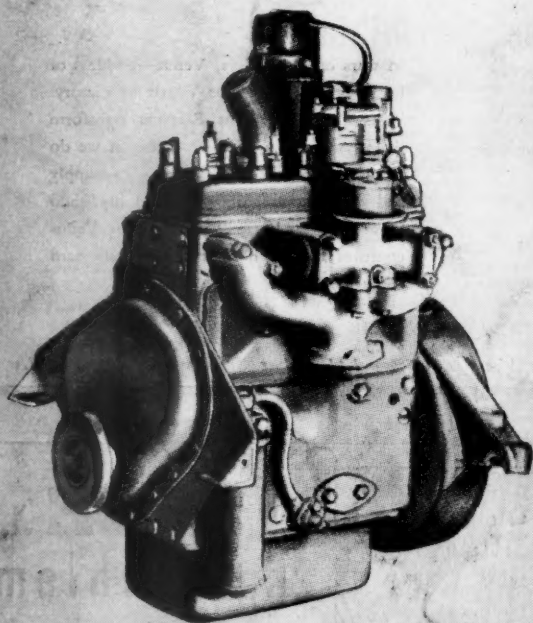
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